

Children's Department.

WHAT SHE SAID.

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

"When I am a grown-up lady"—
(Yes, this is what she said)—

"I mean to sit up every night,
And never go to bed.

"When I am a grown-up lady
I won't have any curls,
For they were made on purpose
To bother little girls.

"When I am a grown-up lady
I'll have a candy store,
And keep such heaps of goodies
As you never saw before.

"I'll give away my aprons,
And wear the dress I choose,
And make mud-pies, play in the rain,
And wear my best new shoes.

"And when I am a grown-up lady
I mean to find the way,
Wherever 'tis that Santa Claus lives,
And have Christmas every day!

"When—I—am a grown-up—lady—
How funny the lamps do look!
O mamma! won't you rock me,
And read from my Nursery book?"

—Our Little Ones and the Nursery.

Dear Editor :—I will now endeavor to write the letter I had promised some time ago. I did not get it written when the wild flowers were in bloom. So I will tell you now what flowers I like best. I like bleeding-hearts, shutting stars, and Easter lilies better than any others.

I am ten years old. Our Sunday-school does not open until December. Stevens county has lots of valleys and mountains which contain lots of mineral. The creeks are full of fine trout. This has been a dry summer. The fall has been dry and pleasant. This far the ground was not frozen. I have an uncle Christian Forney in the east some where. I don't know just where he is. He is a minister in the Brethren Church. I hope he will write to us when he sees my letter.

Springdale, Washington. ALTA FORNEY.

(We are very glad to hear from our little Washington friend again. The country in which you live must be very nice. I love the mountains. All of my life except two years has been spent along them. Will you write again? I think your uncle of whom you speak lives at Beaver City, Neb.—Ed.)

Dear Editor :—I noticed that our Children's Department did not have very many letters in it and I thought I would write one. Some one told me that I am too old; but I am going to write any how. We have no Junior K. C., but I belong to the Junior C. E. I am chairman of the Prayer Meeting Committee. I enjoy the work very much. I can not be a Junior very long. I want to work with the Juniors as long as I can. I hope more children will write and help our Editor to make this page interesting.

Flora, Ind.

MATTIE LITTLE.

(We are glad to see that you are interested in the Junior work. We should like to hear from you again.—Ed.)

Dear Evangelist :—I think that all the little boys and girls should help to make this department interesting by writing letters for it especially since our new Editor is a little girl.

There are only a few weeks until Thanksgiving; and in looking over the past year I wonder whether we can not all recount some blessing for which we ought to be thankful.

I go to Sunday-school and church, and belong to the Junior K. C.

I will close by asking a few questions.

At what age did Solomon become king?

What book in the Bible has not the word God in it?

Who were Christ's brothers in the flesh?

Your little friend,

Ashland, Ohio.

AMY WORST.

(We are very glad to receive a letter from one of our Ashland friends. I think there is no one who cannot recount some blessing for which to thank God.—Ed.)

JIMMY'S COMPOSITION.

In a public school in one of the New England States the teacher makes a practice of requiring "natural history composition" from her pupils. Not long ago she asked Jimmy, one of her bright boys, if he knew anything about ants; and when he said that he did, she told him to write a composition about them. Here is the result of his effort:

There is many kinds of Ants My ant Mary Jane is one of these kinds. She is genlly good natured and when she comes to see My Mother she brings me five cents worth of penuts and tells me Why James how you're growed but when I go and see her and don't only just wawlk on the Carpit without Cleening my boots she is orfly mad.

Ants like to give you Advice and scold at you like anything but their Hart is in the Wright Plaiice and once I found a Ants nest in the woods I poked it with a stick and a Million Ants run out after me and Crawled up Inside my Pants and Bit me like Sixty.

Ants nests are good Things not to Poke with a stick Ants are very Industrious in Steeling Shugar.

I forgot to say that my Ant Martha lives in Main she has a boy of Just about my age and he can stand on his Hed Five minits and how Do you suppose he can Do it.

I Do not think of Annything more about Ants at present.—Selected.

TOO MUCH.

When Bessie wanted a kitten she wanted it so very badly that she told everybody she met of her great need.

"And I want a pretty one, for I shall 'dopt it, you know," she always ended.

Everybody Bessie told thought it was a great pity that such a dear little girl should

not have a kitten if she wanted one. And at the same time, everybody said:

"She shall have one, so she shall!"

So it happened that one day Bessie was called down stairs to look at—not one kitten—but seven!

"Oh, I can't 'dopt so many children at once!" cried Bessie, in dismay.

Mamma laughed.

"Aunt Kate sent the Maltese; old Mrs. Miles sent the spotted one; the butcher sent the black, and the grocer the white one. Miss Snippers brought the tortoise-shell with her when she came this morning; and Bobby Smith stopped at the door and left two striped ones. He says they're twins!"

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Bessie. "I did want a kitten, very much, mamma. One kitten is a very good thing to have, but seven kittens is—is—"

"Seven times too much of a good thing, eh, Bess?"

Fortunately Bobby Smith took his "twins" back; and Miss Snippers was only too glad to carry home her tortoise-shell.

"You may keep Aunt Kate's Maltese," said mamma, "and we'll find homes for the others."

"Yes," said Bess, with a sigh of relief. "And mamma, please find 'em homes pretty quick. I don't want to love 'em too much before they go!"—Evs Lovett Carson.

TOMMIE'S AMBITION.

"I tell you, my mamma's the best person alive," said Tommie. "And when I get to be a great big man—"

"Well, what will you do?" asked Uncle George.

"I'm going to be a *great, big man* like mamma!" said Tommie.

Our days are like the beautiful summer fields, as God gives them to us. The minutes are lovely, blooming flowers and silvery grass blades, and stalks of wheat with their germs of golden foliage, or vines with their blossoms—prophecies of coming purple clusters. O, the possibilities of the days and hours and minutes as they come to us from God's hands! But what did you do with yesterday? How does the little acre of that one day look to you now? Is it waving with beauty? Are there no waste spots upon it? What did you do with the seven days of last week? How does that seven-acre field appear to you as you view it from the hilltop of the holy Sabbath? Are there no wasted minutes, no squandered hours?—The Rev. J. R. Miller.

Wounds made by words are hard to heal,